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THE

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# The Colonnade

v. 15

Vcl. XVII

MAY, 1953

No. 6

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# CONTEMP



The term "contemporary art" often bears the stigma of something strange, bizarre, and distasteful. To some laymen it is often regarded as the work of a demon or mentally unbalanced person. Or with a half-serious jokingness, it is said that the artist used his toes rather than his hands; or that he stood a good twenty feet away from his canvas and slung the paint on to it. These derisions may be just, but they may also illustrate the ignorance of the viewer. The educated person will base his dislike upon sounder artistic criteria. However, it is as much a mark of ignorance to lavish praise indiscriminately upon contemporary works just because they bear the stamp of the "modern." There are bad as well as good works of contemporary art.

It would be well, perhaps for us, to understand the meaning of the word "contemporary." Contemporary is not a word applicable to only the 20th century. All facts, or events, or persons, or creations are contemporary to the period in which they are produced. Thus the classic art of the Greeks was contemporary to the Greek Golden Age; medieval art was contemporary to the Middle Ages; Renaissance art was contem-

porary to the Renaissance Period; and today's art is contemporary to the 20th century.

When we look at the art of the early Renaissance, it is difficult for us to see anything alarming about it; yet Giotto shocked his fellow contemporaries by painting emotion upon the faces of his characters. The artists of the Middle Renaissance dared to paint the partial or complete nude exposal of the human figure. And Picasso shocked his fellow contemporaries by reducing the human figure into its simple elements of flat planes and cubes.

The older a means of expression is, the more acceptable it becomes. The departure from a strict factual representation of a subject to a freer, more impressional representation did arouse much comment and criticism among both educated and uneducated critics. The Impressionistic School had found a new means of expression. The Impressionistic painter interprets a subject through his impression of light and its changing values. The original furor created by this new approach has gone with successive generations. The paintings of the Impressionists — Renoir, Seurat, etc. — are now regarded as very



# ARY ART

ANN MARIE GRAY

nearly classics. The experiments of the Impressionistic School seem to have released a dam of new approaches or new means of expression. The Expressionistic School followed hard upon its heels. In its simplest terms, Expressionism is interpretation through the medium of the emotions. The emotion which an experience or a subject arouses within the artist finds release through his work. Thus the Expressionist's work has an emotional impact which arouses in the viewer an emotion akin to the original emotion of the artist.

Expressionism is frequently in the form of abstractions. Abstractions can be created solely for the purpose of producing an integrated and pleasant design. Abstract art has had much influence upon modern advertising and industrial products such as linoleum, textiles, and wall paper.

These new modes of expression can not be said to be better or worse than the older or more acceptable ones. They are better only in the sense that their use comes naturally or rightfully from the artist; they are worse only in the sense that their use comes unnaturally or imitatively from the artist.

New means of expression are not limited solely to the traditional fields of painting and sculpture. In architecture, the new spirit of simplicity plus practicality or functionalism is familiar to the American scene. The skyscraper, the suspension bridge are creations of the functional spirit of our times. In industry, art has gained another field through which it may express itself. Much of the art of our times is in the form of commercial or industrial art. This is true because an invention or device today cannot depend solely upon its usefulness to sell itself. It must have "good looks;" it must have appeal to the customer. Automobiles, fountain pens, refrigerators, tea kettles, vacuum cleaners, almost any object used by man must be attractively clothed to sell.

In appraising art, it is well to remember that each era draws not only upon past means of expression, but also that it forges ahead discovering new means. And it is not necessary to understand a work of art to enjoy it. We may enjoy it because it is pleasing to the eye in color, or design, or balance.



## Two Poems

### Vagabond Spirit

Strains of pure melody  
Sing all around me.  
The rhythm of life  
I feel beneath my feet.  
High on a hill,  
Facing the wind.

Deep within me stirs  
A strange, eager longing  
To soar far above and  
Beyond the blue mountains.  
High on a hill,  
Facing the wind.

My spirit has wings,  
It travels alone.  
High on a hill,  
Facing the wind.

NANCY LAWRENCE

### A Season's Birth

The cocky crocus lifts his golden head,  
And peeps above the prickly new green grass.  
A sleepy pansy wakens in her bed,  
And calls companions as they gaily pass.  
Her friend, the violet, sways to and fro,  
And nods to her with gay and gentle mien.  
An amaryllis makes a pretty show,  
Of dancing with the breezes o'er the green.

A robin red breast sings his song of praise,  
A little sparrow sees that winter's past,  
Says, "Spring is here! Let us our voices raise  
The long awaited time is here at last;  
The spring is to us all so very dear,  
Why must it come along but once a year?"

BARBARA ASSAID

# Interpreting Dreams A La Freud

BETTY COLLIER

HAVE you ever dreamed that you were running through a long series of rooms with a terrifying foe in hot pursuit? Vainly you lock doors behind you in your frantic flight, struggling to get them barred before the approach of your enemy. Each time, just as you think that you're safe, the thing in pursuit of you breaks through, and you must flee for your life again. Have you dreamed that you were flying lightly through space, that you were propelling yourself through the air by means of wings? (Or perhaps you don't use wings; many people are able to fly in their dreams by merely performing a movement similar to the breast-stroke in swimming.) At any rate, if you awoke this morning with the remembrances of a weird dream running through your mind, you can just stop blaming it on that pastrami sandwich on rye bread-with-a-kosher-pickle-and-mustard which you ate last night before retiring to your little white bed. You might as well face the facts; any self-respecting follower of Sigmund Freud could tell you that the real reason was this: your *id* was rearing its ugly little head!

And what in the world is an *id*, you ask? You think, perhaps, that it sounds like something that Marilyn Monroe, the "it" girl, has? Well, speaking broadly, you might say that it—or the *id*—is somewhat similar to that "something." Freud, the psychoanalyst who did as much as anyone to bring the Victorian era with its "Sweetness and Light" to a very definite close, spent a great deal of his time puzzling over the meaning of the strange dreams of people and over the part that the *id* plays in these dreams. Freud defines the *id* as the deepest and most primitive part of the personality. The *id* thus corresponds roughly to the basic desires and instincts of the human being, with the sexual urges as a large component of it. However,

in the process of becoming a socialized, civilized being you also acquire an *ego* and a *superego*. Your *ego*, as Freud defines it, is your understanding of the external world or your perception of reality. Your *superego* corresponds roughly to your conscience—to your attempts at self-discipline. And so your *superego* is mostly concerned with keeping your *id* under control and out of sight of your *ego*.

Sometimes your *superego* has a hard time making your rebellious *id* keep in its proper place. And according to most people the proper place for your *id* in this civilized world is . . . as much out of sight as possible!) The *superego* has an extra-hard job when you are asleep, because it is then that this primitive side of you wants to make something of a show-off of itself. As Freud says, a dream is, in actuality, a wish fulfillment. It is a repressed desire of your *id* working its way out of some dark chamber of your mind whence it has been pushed by the *superego*. It is a desire which you may have lurking around in your head—a desire which your *superego* won't even let you think about under ordinary circumstances. But when "sleep knits up the raveled sleeve of care" . . . as to conventions, that rather unconventional side of you called the *id* may want to make a little hay while the moon shines.

Thus your *superego*, which is probably a little fatigued after a long day's work, has to go on night duty, too. Through the years, your *superego* has found an interesting way to perform its function and at the same time get a bit of relaxation. This is the way by which it solves its problems: it lets these desires which compose your *id* sneak out a little, but it lets them appear only in a guise which you, or your *ego*,

(Continued on Page 8)



THIS is a happy story about two happy people at a wonderful time of year—springtime. These two very special people live in a lovely little village which is nestled among great beautiful mountains. In the summer, everybody who lives here puts dooryard flowers in his house and plants mountain laurel or wild roses in his window boxes. There the multicolored leaves of fall stay on the trees longer than elsewhere before they turn brown and flutter to the ground. In winter, the rose bushes in the window boxes support fluffy balls of cottony snow, and the dark leaves on the ground begin their work of enriching the earth under a pure, white cover. At this season, each dooryard boasts a handsome, healthy looking snowman

who somehow manages to have a strange twinkle in his charcoal eyes. Yet, it's spring that brings man and nature together and harmonizes beauty and love that is quite beyond description.

chimney is another star almost as attractive as the one over Basil's chimney. Because Elias Weatherford's cottage is part way up the steepest of the other mountains, this other star hangs so low that it seems to be almost tickling the treetops. But old Elias doesn't have to have wild flowers in his boxes because all kinds of plants from the dainty lady-slipper to the strong and bold black-eyed Susans grow so thick in his clearing that it is quite hard to see the least bit of rich, black woods earth in which they grow. This old man doesn't have many of the things that make most people happy, but he does have a lot of little friends who keep the dirt path to his shack well-trampled down.

who somehow manages to have a strange twinkle in his charcoal eyes. Yet, it's spring that brings man and nature together and harmonizes beauty and love that is quite beyond description.

Basil is one of these two very special people, and he lives in one of these vine-covered cottages not far from the foot of one of the mountains. At Basil's house, the summer roses bloom longer, the snowman in the front yard cocks his head at a more jaunty angle, and spring sings a sweeter song than anywhere else on the mountain side. It may be a bit of an illusion, but it always looks as if the brightest star of the heavens—the one that has the most personality—rests over Basil's chimney all night long. It must be said, in case you haven't visited here, that above another

Because this is a nice town with nice folks living in it, the little peoples' mothers and fathers don't say too much about their visits to Old Elias's home. But they secretly think that Old Elias Weatherford is of not much use to the community, because he doesn't work at anything. As a matter of fact, he seldom comes down off his mountain. The citizens in this little mountain area are proud that everyone in their village is friendly with everyone else; therefore, they often shake their heads at Old Elias's unsociability. However, Basil and Old Elias are better friends than most fathers and sons are. Elias knows everything about the woods, and pretty soon Basil will too. Now and then when Basil comes to Elias's house, he brings his tablet, and these two, the young and the old,



# Eleven Times Seven

BARBARA CASKEY

put their heads together over the lad's homework problems. After all, third grade examples are really not very hard. One day, while Basil was learning his multiplication tables, he discovered that Old Elias was exactly eleven times older than he. They laughed over that singular bit of knowledge every visit for a week. Theirs was such a wonderful friendship that the big difference in their ages didn't make Basil feel too young or Elias too old. As a matter of fact, they felt just right for each other.

Now, this story turns to one particular day in one particular spring. You see, Basil's birthday is in the spring, sometime in April. And although Old Elias was sure that he had seen seventy-seven springs, he couldn't remember exactly when his birthday should come. So he just settled it all by putting his birthday on the same day as Basil's — sometime in April. Elias had made Basil a beautiful birthday present out of the things in the woods. It was a little elfin, a spirit of the forest, Old Elias said. The figure which Elias had so painstakingly carved out of wood had a white beard which Elias had made out of the bloom of an ash tree. From the bottom of his long underwear, Elias's old and tired fingers had fashioned a red suit for Basil's elfin. It

was well that the suit was red because the blood that had dripped on the little cap when the needle had pricked his finger would not show. At any rate, Elias hoped it wouldn't. He hoped, too, it wouldn't stay so cold this spring. If it did, surely he would pretty nearly freeze with the whole bottom part of his underwear gone. Day by day, Elias hoped with all his heart that Basil would like his birthday present.

Basil had to think a long time before he could decide on what to give Old Elias for his birthday present. Sometimes it seemed to him that Elias already had everything that mattered, and then at other times it seemed to him that Old Elias had been deprived of so much; he didn't have a spinning top, nor did he have a winter jacket or a shiny new radio that played wonderful music. But he did have a knife for whittling and an old grey sweater with a hole in the elbow—and he had the music of the forest. Basil's mother suggested that he get some practical gift. Long underwear, she said, would keep Old Elias warm through the long winters and cold springs. But Basil didn't think that things like that were what a friend should give to a friend on his birthday. Somehow children with their great intuitive powers are able to understand the

heart of a friend. And Basil was no exception. He wanted to give Elias something he yearned for, not something he needed.

No doubt Basil will remember until the end of his life the present he gave Elias that year. You see, he finally decided on a book—a book of fairy and elfin stories. Old Elias always liked to talk about elves and fairies, especially of the elves and fairies who lived in the woods about him. Basil worked many afternoons in his father's store and saved his money for many months before he had enough to buy just the right book. His mother had to tell him what stories were included in the book because he couldn't read all of the words in the titles.

Finally the long-awaited day arrived. It was so nice that these two best of friends, Basil and Elias, could celebrate their birthdays together! The sun wasn't even up when Basil, eager to wish and to be wished a happy birthday, clutched the gift-wrapped book and hurried to Old Elias's home. He finished the last few bars of some school song just as he arrived in the clearing. Old Elias was up already putting a somewhat meager breakfast on the table. Basil pulled up a chair, and they ate together. It was a wonderful way to

*(Please Turn Page)*

start a joyous day.

Doubtless both Old Elias Weatherford and his friend Basil will always remember this day. Old Elias brought out Basil's present and practically glowed at Basil's obvious delight. Then Old Elias opened his present from Basil. Basil, too, was happy. Elsewhere in the village, in the valley, in the world people were just waking up. But

long before their waking hours, Basil and Elias were up and experiencing that glorious feeling that comes with the morning sun in the springtime. Once awake, some of the people were loud about their joy over the charm of spring and tried to spread around their joy. Others were quiet about it, but their eyes showed the pleasure and love that burn-

ed in their hearts.

Old Elias was very quiet. This was the first present that he had ever received, and it had come on *this* day—his birthday. It didn't even matter now if he were an uneducated old man who couldn't read a word. He could read the signs of spring, the smiles of nature, and the love in the heart of a child.

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## Interpreting Dreams

*(Continued from Page 5)*

would never recognize. And so, as Freud says, you dream in symbols. There is a very simple reason for all this. If these desires of the id were to appear in their true form, they would probably shock you so badly that you would wake yourself up!

These symbols are rather mysterious things; but Freud, following a recipe which calls for a modicum of science mixed with a magnificent portion of imagination, is able to make quite a dish out of them. Sometimes he interprets the symbols merely as symbols. For instance, he says that church spires, candles, snakes, guns, etc. usually symbolize the male body. On the other hand gardens, doors, rooms, boxes, etc. symbolize the female body. Mattresses and bed covers are symbols of marriage. Flying, which figured in one of the dreams at the beginning of this article, may be an expression of the desire for great power.

All this, however, is simply the general interpretation of symbols as such. Freud sometimes makes these symbols even more mysterious things. In some cases, symbols not only stand for something else; they can appear as the direct opposites of the desires which they express. You have no doubt come in contact with old wives' interpretations of dreams, one of which is, "If you dream of a funeral, a wedding will take place." According to interpretations a la Freud, this old superstition may not be so very wrong. But Freud goes even further with his symbol-deciphering. For instance, in the first dream mentioned here, it may not be a fear

or a foe which your id is trying to express; it may be your longed-for pursuit by a lover—with, of course, the locked doors and the rooms as side line symbols. Working on the same principle, the grief you feel in dreaming of a certain relative's demise may not really be overwhelming sorrow. If you were capable of any sort of valid self-analysis, you might find that intermixed with the unspeakable desires of your id is a rather violent distaste for this particular kinsman. To believe this, you would have to be: 1) a true follower of Freud, and 2) capable of such self-analysis. Unfortunately—or fortunately, if you like—the superego will not allow even the most ardent Freudian such terrifying personal insight. But you can have a remarkably intriguing time interpreting symbols a la Freud in the dreams of your friends.

And so, according to Freud, your dreams are means of satisfying certain id-desires which are extremely repugnant to your well-bred superego. Dreams are a means of "letting off steam" which accumulates in the id under the constant pressure from society. The superego continually tries its best to stomp the life out of the id and its primitive urges, but the id is a most virulent little mechanism. However, the fact that you have to live with your id need not upset you unduly, because your superego will do its best to keep it a *quiet* skeleton in the closet. But the next time that you are confronted with a startling, unrefined, and apparently disagreeable thought or suggestion, and you cry out, "I wouldn't dream of it!" remember Freud. If Freud is right—and he probably is not—dreaming of it is exactly what you will do.

# Modern Versions of Old Fairy Tales

JEAN JINNETT

## GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

Or

### THREE REDS AND A REDHEAD

IN the forest of a certain country far across the sea lived a very unhappy family of bears. They were unhappy because their plans for the past five years had gone awry. There was Papa Bear, who was unhappy because he feared he might be liquidated as wart remover in the pickle factory. There was Mama Bear, who was even unhappier because she felt she was half safe and even her best friend wouldn't tell her. And there was Baby Bear, who was unhappiest of all because the "unexcused" slips had just come out.

One day as they waited for their satellite soup (which they had invented) to cool, Mama Bear suggested that they go down into the salt mines to work up a good healthy appetite.

So they left their woodside cottage and walked down the hill single file. They made a truly picturesque scene—Papa, with his yellow corn cob pipe; Mama, with her brighter yellow teeth; and Baby, with his brightest of all yellow unexcused slip. Indeed, they were such a colorful and eye-catching group that a spectator might easily overlook the stealthy figure that crept toward the cottage. This was Goldilocks, a red-on-the-head agent. Finding the rear door open, she entered. The Bear Family always left their doors unlocked for they were very trusting and peace-loving. Besides they had nothing worth taking. Once inside the house Goldilocks proceeded to case the place. Upon spying the bowls she tasted everybody's soup. After this she sat in everybody's chair and then went upstairs and lay in everybody's bed. Since all this was rather backbreaking work she fell asleep in Baby's bed.

A terrible scene followed the Bear Family's arrival home. Papa Bear showed his teeth and growled out that someone had been in his soup.

And Mama Bear exclaimed, "Is also stranger been messing in my soup."

At this point Baby Bear could no longer contain himself and burst out, "Down with the Registrar's Office."

The three Bears began their search for the interloper. Upstairs, Mama Bear upon seeing Papa's bed said, "Is duty of Hero Mama to find unscrupulous stranger who dares to lie in Hero Husband's bed."

Papa looking at Mama's mussed bed exclaimed, "Is certain must be two mysterious strangers."

The loud voices awoke Goldilocks. Upon seeing the bears she accused them of not having a picture of Glorious Hero in the house. Turning to Baby Bear the red-on-the-head agent hung a bright yellow hero badge upon his chest for divulging this information to the authorities. Then Goldilocks congratulated Baby for being a true Bear.

Baby Bear, embarrassed by all this attention modestly said, "Oh, is nothing. I would do it for a white person."

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

or

### THE SCARLET WOMAN

Once upon a time there lived a young girl, modest because she had nothing to be brazen about. Her name was Scarlet. Now Scarlet was very fond of walking through the woods to visit old Granny. One day she decided to take her feeble old Granny a basket of her favorite foods—salami, knockwurst, pumpernickel bread, kosher pickles, and root beer. She set out early the

*(Continued on Page 17)*



# The Golden



# Touch



# of Midas

GEORGIA JACKSON

LIFE on the wharf had come to a standstill. It was 1:30 in the afternoon, and not even the little boys who invariably dangled their dirty bare feet in the cool water were in sight. Only the waterflies and mosquitos that made the bay their home were active. Silhouetted against the intense blue of sky, their black bodies formed ever changing patterns. Occasionally one would swoop down upon the water, settle in poised anticipation and then dart back into the air. A few lazy clouds floated here and there. At first it seemed that the stillness of the afternoon was broken only by the swarming mosquitos. But no, there was other music that afternoon—the music of a violin. Lovely as the melody was, it was so familiar to the people of the small fishing village that they paid little attention to it. It was a soft, pleading song, played by a man whose age was difficult to determine. He was slightly stooped, and he walked with a rather hesitant shuffle. His hair was almost totally grey. At a casual glance, one would have thought that he was a very old man; yet actually he was not. There was an intangible quality about this shuffling man. His whole being radiated a warmth and a compassion that belied the cold blankness of his eyes. The intimate secrets of his musician soul were daily voiced as he sat in the doorway of his small shanty on the far end of the pier, playing his violin to the fishes and waterflies.

His name was Icarus, or rather that's what the people of the village called him when they noticed him at all. He was of Norse descent. Perhaps that accounted for his living along the waterfront instead of

in one of the boarding houses in the village. The sea was a part of him; he loved its odor, its vastness, its calmness, its stormy restlessness, and its freedom. To him, it was inspiration; it was music. But the fighting, driving, energetic quality of the Norsemen he had not inherited. He lacked their daring and their ability to fight back.

It was this fault of character which caused him to fail to give his music to the world. As a young man, he had aspired to become a first violinist in one of the largest symphony orchestras. He was not ambitious for prestige; he merely wanted the chance to play his beloved violin before and with the people who felt the same throbbing love of music that he did. As time went on, his ambition was realized but only for the shortest time. Fate, hap, circumstances—call it what you will—robbed Icarus of his place in the world. It happened this way: He had bought a small secondhand convertible and was driving home to the bay after a performance in the city. As the pungent salt air reached his nose, his whole being responded to it, and his foot pressed down on the accelerator in eager anticipation. The police said later that the wheels of his car had slipped on a patch of grease and that he was more than fortunate to be alive. Weeks later he left the hospital broken in spirit as well as in money. His violin was all he had left of his material savings.

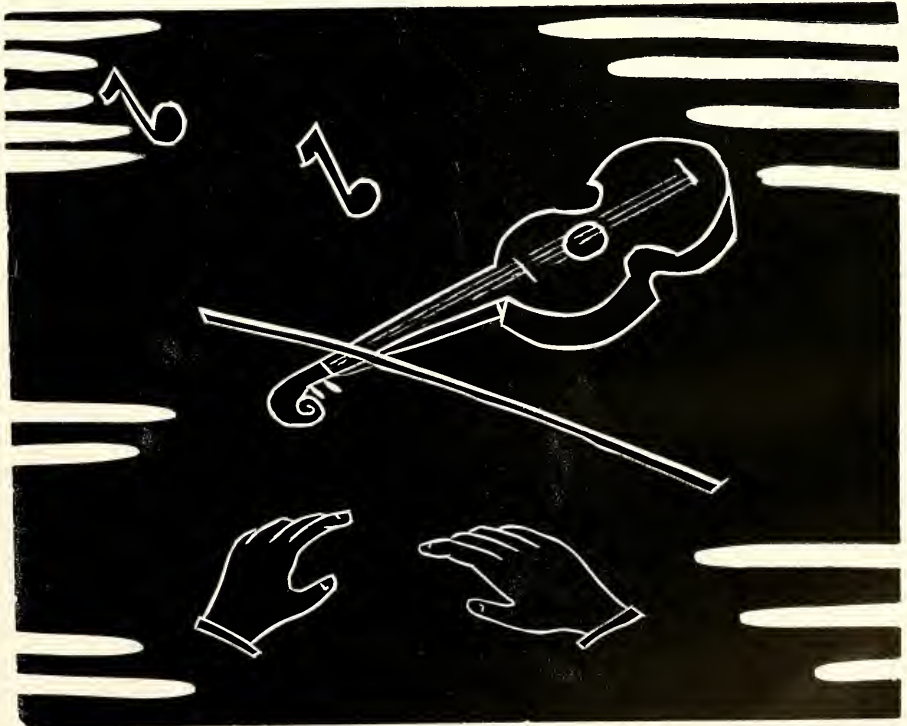
Icarus never knew why he saved the violin, for he repeatedly blamed it as the cause of the accident. But for some reason he could not give it up. And so, it had lain undisturbed in its case, the dust of the years

settling upon it. For many years, Icarus went without expressing the song in his heart. Strange, it was one of the waterfront boys who returned Icarus to his music. One day this curious child of the wharves wandered into Icarus' shanty. Upon spying the oddly shaped case, he asked what it was. Late that night, Icarus lifted his violin off the dusty shelf and tenderly ran his long sensitive fingers over the fine wood. Time had imbedded the hurt deep in his heart. But now the feel of the instrument brought back to him only happy memories. He spent the next few days polishing and tuning the violin. At last he was ready to play again.

Icarus drew the bow across the taut strings. The clear and familiar notes brought tears to his eyes and peace to his heart. One day the thought suddenly came to him that it would be only proper for the people of the village to give him a different name—Midas, for the golden touch of music had been restored to him, giving him new life.

Yet the villagers knew nothing of the regeneration that had taken place. They sat on their porches, each trying to outdo the other in "hot day" stories. Or they stood on street corners in their shirt sleeves speculating on the change of weather. They still called the man on the docks Icarus. To them he was one who had aspired to great heights only to fall to obscurity and failure. Some thought, when they thought about it at all, that it would have been better if he had been killed in the accident.

But within himself Icarus had become Midas: he had within his hands the golden touch. It mattered little that the villagers still called him Icarus, or that he still lived alone and unnoticed upon the docks. He had his song—the song of a man who is content in the solitude and peace of his own small world. He had the smell of the bay around him, and he had the feel of a violin in his hands. He was Midas: he had the golden touch. But even the golden touch of a Midas could not restore sight to his eyes.



# Virginia's Political Machine

By BETSY WELBON

THE Commonwealth of Virginia is unique. She is unique in that her government is organized by what is commonly called a machine which is dominated by gentlemen politicians. Of course, machine government is not unique. Other states have been run by machines—Louisiana being the most notable example. But Hughey Long was a commoner. Virginia would never allow one of the lower ranks to step into her driver's seat. This is a privilege Virginia reserves for gentlemen only.

The present gentleman ruler of Virginia is Harry Byrd. Harry Byrd is now 65 years old and a member of the U. S. Senate—a position which he has held for the past 20 years. In the Senate he has won the distinction of possessing a most even disposition.

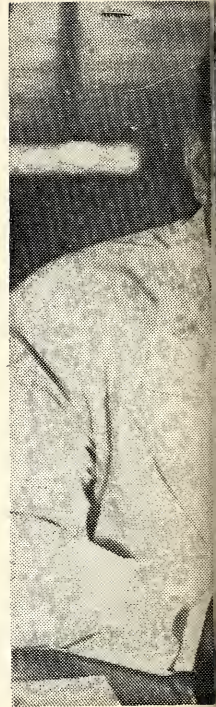
Senator Byrd's personal history is an interesting one. Though he is a direct descendant of the distinguished Colonel William Byrd, founder of the city of Richmond, he is financially a self-made man. When he was 15 years old, he assumed the management of "The Winchester Star"—a newspaper very nearly on its death bed. Young Harry revived the failing "Star," and it was not long before he had a thriving newspaper business.

The young editor turned naturally to politics since both his father and his uncle were the leading lieutenants of Senator Thomas S. Martin, then the boss of the Democratic Machine. In 1915 he was elected to the State Senate where he won the support of the farmers of the state by opposing a bond issue to build new highways. At the same time he satisfied business interests by advocating the construction of roads through a higher gas tax, thus inaugurating the pay-as-you-go plan which Virginia has since followed.

In 1926 when Byrd was inaugurated as governor, he surprised the political bosses

who had supported him by proceeding to carry out his campaign promises. During his term as governor he reduced the number of agencies and commissions in government from 100 to 14. And as governor he promoted, according to promise, the passage of the Virginia Anti-lynching Bill. Since its passage not one case of lynching has occurred in Virginia. Governor Byrd's distinguished record made him the leader of the Democratic organization and a candidate for the party's highest honorary seat in the United States Senate. This opportunity came in 1933 when President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed Senator Claude A. Swanson to his cabinet. Byrd was immediately named to the vacancy and has retained the seat ever since.

Machine government is not a new thing to Virginia, nor did it originate with Senator Byrd. Since colonial times, Virginia's government has been run by a gentleman-controlled machine. The present Virginia Democratic machine—or organization as its members prefer to call it—was launched in 1902 when a convention drafted a new constitution to replace the constitution drawn up in Reconstruction days. The framers of this constitution thought it highly advisable to eliminate the ignorant voters in order to restore fair elections. A difficult registration test was therefore set up, thus making it impossible for the illiterate to vote. The constitution also required the payment of a poll tax six months in advance of the election before a



SENATE





# and Gentlemen Rule

and BARBARA SOUTHERN

registered voter could cast his ballot. This provision has reduced the number of votes to a size that is easily manageable. As a result Virginia, in proportion to her population, has the smallest electorate of any state in the Union.

Another machine creation of the year 1902 is the Electoral Board. In each county, the county judge appoints members to be the Electoral Board. The Board in turn appoints an election board which has complete charge of all elections in the county. Counting the votes is the board's job, of course. The fact

that the county judge is appointed by the state legislature and is therefore always Democratic adds a good deal of interest to this setup. Of course, there is a gentlemen's agreement that if there is a Republican party organization in the county, it shall have representation in the election committee, although this is not required by law. In spite of this, it is agreed that elections in Virginia have been reasonably clean. In recent years the only notable exception to clean elections in Virginia took place in Wise County. In 1945, the Wise County Courthouse was robbed of its record books to prevent inquiries into the election.

These innovations in 1902—the Registration Board, the Poll Tax, and the Electoral Board—have firmly entrenched the present machine government upon the state. Today the machine enjoys the rare privilege of being called the most influential and strongest political organization in the United States.

The most obvious reason for the machine's complete domination of political activity is the fact that the majority of the people are solidly behind it. Virginians like their machine government and its boss.

Beyond a doubt, the chief aid within the machine for producing a united policy front is the State Compensation Board. This board is composed of three members appointed by the governor. The board was created to determine the compensation of county officials. So far no instances have been discovered in which the board members have raised or lowered salaries unjustly, although such a board as this would likely act as a powerful check upon gentlemen who might be tempted to deviate from party policy.

Equally active in keeping the machine united are the so-called court-house rings. Of the 98 counties in Virginia, 85 are under the control of the organization. Five elected officers make up each ring: the commonwealth attorney, the treasurer, the commissioner of revenue, the sheriff, and the clerk of the circuit court. Their official positions constitute the lower realms through which aspiring party men may rise to top positions. Because of the close integration of this set-up, the top men are able to promote the rise of the ablest men from the lower ranks to successively higher offices.

Senator Byrd's position in the machine is that of top man on the totem pole. A strange paradox in that it can not be said that he dictates policy to party members; yet there are exceedingly few instances when lesser officials have dared to differ with the opinion of "the Chief." Nor can the organization rightfully be termed the "Byrd Machine." It is true that Senator Byrd has done more to strengthen the organization than any previous leader. But, as it has been

*(Please Turn Page)*



pointed out, the machine has been in existence long before Virginians ever heard of Harry Byrd, and doubtless it will be in existence long after he has passed from the political scene. Though a Byrd defeat would mean a party defeat, it would not necessarily mean the end of the machine. Some authorities contend that nothing short of a social revolution could destroy the organization.

July 14 is the date of the Virginia primary election. There are two contenders for the gubernatorial position—Charles R. Fenwick and Thomas B. Stanley. Both are organization men. In the past the organization has usually given "the nod" to one candidate and persuaded his opponents to withdraw until some future time. In 1948, two party regulars, John S. Battle and Horace E. Edwards, entered the race. Since the independent candidate, Colonel Francis Pickens Miller showed surprising strength, the word apparently went around to swing the entire organization to Battle. When the votes were counted, Battle had nosed out Miller while Edwards ran far behind.

A similar situation was expected to develop this year with Robert Whitehead carrying the banner of the anti-organization factors. When Whitehead decided not to make the race, the field was left clear to the two organization candidates. Although Stanley supposedly has "the nod," machine members are apparently free to make their own choice. The fact that both candidates are closely identified with the party organization makes the election little more than a popularity contest. The only issue of any importance between the two rivals is Fenwick's proposal that Virginia spend money

to attract industry to the state in the hope of increasing prosperity and lowering taxes. Stanley declares that he is opposed to any such increase in state expenditures because it would probably mean higher taxes. Fenwick is thus the more "liberal" of the two men and will doubtless get the anti-organization vote. Stanley, on the other hand, can rely on most of the party organization and will therefore probably receive the nomination.

---

A well known zoology professor was unwrapping a parcel before his class which, he explained to his pupils, was a fine specimen of a dissected frog. Upon disclosing two sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg and a banana, he was very surprised and exclaimed, "But surely I ate my lunch."

---

Prof: If I saw a man beating a donkey and stopped him from doing it, what would I be showing?

Voice from back: Brotherly love.

---

A fraternity pin is only an increase in privilege.

---

Politics: The most promising of all careers: The only profession that requires no preparation.

---

Professor: This exam will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three spaces apart alternate rows.

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# WHAT!

## A Woman Ambassador?

MOLLY HARVEY

**F**IRST Woman Envoy to Major Power Is Versatile Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce."

When this headline hit the newspaper, many people were shocked. "What! A woman ambassador?" they exclaimed.

Mrs. Luce herself has a few qualms, but she is honest enough to admit that she has much to learn as a diplomatist, and that in Rome she will have a double feminine responsibility. She said of herself: "I am very much aware that I must do this crucial, vital job well. And because I am a woman, I know that I must make unusual efforts to succeed. If I fail, no one will likely say, 'She doesn't have what it takes. They will say, 'Women don't have what it takes.'" Mrs. Luce is convinced that if she succeeds as ambassador, it will make it easier for other women to get similar appointments.

Yes, we have a woman ambassador in Italy. And what a woman she is!

On April 10, 1903 Clare Ann Boothe was born in New York City of Bavarian parents. They separated when Clare was young. After the divorce Mrs. Boothe supplemented her annual income of \$2,000 a year by working as a saleswoman. Clare recalls that those early years were difficult ones for her mother.

Before World War I, Mrs. Boothe and her daughter moved to Paris, France, because the franc was high and the living was cheap. Clare obtained her schooling vicariously. She recalls how she learned a good deal about art by visiting museums, and how easily she learned French as she played and talked with the children in the park. Even as a child in Paris, she read avidly. No matter how little money they had, her mother never refused to buy her a new book. But World War I came along,

and Clare and her mother had to return home.

When only fifteen years old, Clare graduated from The Castle-on-the-Hudson, an exclusive girls' school in New York. But being "stage-struck and romantic," she ran away from home shortly after her graduation. Assuming the fancy name of Jacqueline Tanner, she answered an advertisement and got an eighteen-dollar-a-week job making paper party favors. A convenient illness permitted her to return home without loss of pride.

After working for a time with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont in the suffragist movement, she married. She was just twenty. Her wealthy groom, George Brokaw, was many years her senior. They had one daughter, Ann Clare, who was born in 1925. In 1929, George Brokaw and Clare were divorced. In 1931, about two years after her divorce she obtained a position on the staff of *Vogue Magazine* as a twenty-dollar-a-week caption writer. Three years later, she was the ten thousand-a-year managing editor of *Vanity Fair!* By this time she was, moreover, a recognized hostess as well as a recognized literary figure in New York.

In 1935, two days after the opening of her first Broadway play, *Abide With Me*, she married Henry R. Luce, publisher of the *Time-Life-Fortune* group of magazines. The next year as a playwright, she hit the jack-pot with *The Women*, her razor-sharp play that dissected bored, gossipy females.

In 1940, Mrs. Luce plunged actively into campaigning for Wendell Wilkie and thereby learned some basic political lessons the hard way. In her sharp way, she leveled off at journalist Dorothy Thompson, a Roosevelt supporter, by calling her "The Molly

Pitcher of the Maginot Line." Miss Thompson promptly called Mrs. Luce, "The Fisher Body of the Republicans."

Mrs. Luce learned from that incident never to indulge in name-calling again. "For", she said, "when two women get into a thing like that, it is called a cat fight; but when two men indulge in such, it's called a political discussion."

Nevertheless, she worked up some memorable invective which drew attention. She referred to Harold Ickes as a "prodigious bureaucrat with the soul of a meat axe and the mind of a commissar." And she referred to Henry Wallace's aviation ideas as "globaloney." In return Wallace retorted that she was a "sharp-tongued girl of forty."

When Mrs. Luce arrived in Washington as a freshman in congress, she was appointed to the House Military Affairs Committee. During that time, she kept up a sharp running attack on the New Deal, voted a pro-labor, pro-civil rights ticket and went back home in 1944 to win re-election.

In the month of October in 1944, when the United States wanted to believe that peace could be permanently achieved by the mere setting up of a United Nations Organization, Congresswoman Luce gave the problem a fresh appraisal. For the New York Herald Tribune Forum, she traced the history and weak points of Utopian peace plans from a Chinese attempt in 546 B. C. to the League of Nations. "For," she said, "those who refuse to remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

Mrs. Luce's Christmas of the same year was spent along the "forgotten front" in Italy. She came back to Washington after that unforgettable experience and cam-

paigned for increased aid for the war-ravaged Italian civilians as well as for a rotation plan for the United States Army doughfoot. In that same year, when the world was in a sort of hysteria over the atomic energy problem, she rose up in the House and calmly argued in favor of the bill for the establishment of the Atomic Energy Commission. After that, she plunged into her political career with increased concentration. In 1946, she was re-elected to Congress. But shortly after her conversion to the Roman Catholic Church, she announced her retirement from politics. She did not want to be accused of having a political motive for changing her religion.

Mrs. Luce can read as well as speak Italian. Just recently she has been doing intensive work on the language. She says, "I think I'll be all right by the time I get there."

The reason for her intensive study is this: On February 8, 1953, she was appointed United States Ambassador to Rome, Italy. She has the distinction of being the first woman ever appointed to Rome from any nation.

Last January the Gallup Poll reported that Mrs. Luce ranked forth in the United States as the world's most admired woman. She is deeply read in philosophy. Moreover, she has a clear, practical mind, as well as "a gift for forceful expression to the immediate problems of world strategy."

News of her appointment brought statements of approval from her associates in congress and from the Italian press.

With her superior intelligence, her high integrity, her devotion to the cause of democracy, and her profound knowledge of world affairs, she can hardly fail. We

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salute you Mr. President, for your wise choice of Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce—Ambassador to Rome, Italy.

### Modern Versions Of Old Fairy Tales

(Continued from Page 9)

next morning, so that she could tarry on the way. Before she had gone far, she began her business of tarrying. Soon tiring of this, Scarlet lay down upon the cool grass to take a nap. While she was dreaming of opening the world series in her maiden form, there came a loud shrill noise. Our sleepy heroine soon realized that this was not the signal to start the double-header, but rather that it was the sound of a human whistle! She sat up, rubbed her eyes, and looked into the hungry eyes of that which her mother had so often warned her about—A WOLF.

As it has been said before, Scarlet was modest; so she promptly buried her face in her hands. The Wolf, dressed in his best orange plaid zuit suit, leaned hungrily over Scarlet. He then proceeded to ask her where she was going. Scarlet peered through her index and middle fingers and blurted out, "To Granny's." (You see, the maiden was as honest as she was modest because up to this time she had nothing to be dishonest about.)

Two hours later after a quick dash through the woods, Scarlet rapped on Granny's door. Upon entering she beheld the beridden figure of the Wolf disguised in Granny's clothing.

Scarlet: "Your hands seem swollen, Granny. You know that you have had that trouble before."

Wolf: "Then we had better nip it in the bud, hadn't we?"

Scarlet: "You seem all tired out, Granny. What has happened?"

Wolf: "Poor Granny."

Scarlet: "Why, you're not my dear old Granny at all! You're THE WOLF!"

Wolf: "Ho, ho — to the woods!"

Scarlet: "Help, help."

Wolf: "To the woods."

At this point the handsome woodcutter burst into the room and saved dear Scarlet from a fate worse than death.

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# *The Barren Trail*

The highland trail is cold tonight—  
A winding trail to a lofty height.  
On Snowshoe Path, the moonlight shines,  
A barren trail — a coyote wail.

Around me sharp and bitter winds  
That blank my brain and freeze my limbs.  
On Snowshoe Path, the moonlight shines,  
A barren trail — a coyote wail.

At home a fire glows bright and red—  
A cup of tea — and a downy bed.  
On Snowshoe Path, the moonlight shines,  
A barren trail — a coyote wail.

My love awaits and watches still —  
A lonely house on a lonely hill.  
On Snowshoe Path, the moonlight shines,  
A barren trail — a coyote wail.

Jo Debnam



# CARSON McCULLERS

a new literary talent . . .

By BARBARA SOUTHERN

CARSON McCULLERS has become familiar to the general public through the successful run of her play, *The Member of the Wedding*. This play won the Donaldson Award and the Drama Critics Circle Award for 1949-1950. However, Carson McCullers is not a dramatist. She merely adapted the earlier work, *The Member of the Wedding* to the stage. She is a novelist, and a highly competent one if we are to let critical opinion be our criterion.

Miss McCullers is a pleasant, moon-faced young woman of 34 who wears bangs. She was born in Columbus, Georgia and began writing at the early age of sixteen. Of her first literary effort, a drama, she says: "At that phase, my ideal was Eugene O'Neill, and this early masterpiece was thick with incest, lunacy, and murder. After that I dashed off a few more plays, a novel, and some rather queer poetry that nobody could make out, including the author."

Writing, however, was of secondary importance to young Carson McCullers—then Carson Smith; her inclination was, at that time, toward music. Fortunately, we now realize, when she arrived in New York to begin her studies at Juilliard School of Music, she lost on the subway the money she had set aside for her tuition. Thus thwarted in her desire to become a concert pianist, Miss Smith found—and quickly lost—a variety of jobs in Manhattan. It was after this that she began writing in earnest.

Her first novel *The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter* was an instant and emphatic success. It is, truly, a delightful story. Set in a small industrial town in the deep south, the plot centers around a deaf-mute, John Singer, and his relations with several inhabitants of the town. In this novel, Miss McCullers treats the problems of the Negro, the Jew, Marxism, Fascism, homosexuality, and middle-aged impotence. Obviously, an

integration of these diverse subjects with an already intricate plot requires considerable skill, and Miss McCullers' competence in meeting these difficulties is admirable.

All of the characters in the novel are endearing and lovable. There is Mick, a young girl approaching adolescence, lost and alone; Copeland, a Negro doctor, crusading for his people; Singer, the deaf-mute, inspiring devotion from the others with his sincerity and inner tranquility; Bubber, Mick's brother, lacking in intelligence; and Biff, the cafe-owner, sublating his sexual impotence into a tender paternal love for Mick.

This first novel is truly Miss McCullers' masterpiece. Therefore, her second book published four years later and entitled *Reflections In A Golden Eye* shocked—and perhaps disappointed—a great many people. Though this novel has been compared to Henry James' *The Turn Of The Screw* in its technical aspect, readers and critics alike felt that it did not exhibit the depth and understanding of her earlier novel. All of the characters in the novel are abnormal in some way. Captain Penderton, the main character, is a homosexual, a sadist, a kleptomaniac, and a drug addict. Someone once observed that even the horse, Firebird, is not completely normal.

Unfortunately *Reflections In A Golden Eye* earned for its author the reputation for sensationalism. That it was unusual no one could deny. But it may be that Miss McCullers hoped to emphasize by her characterization her dominant theme—the spiritually isolated individual. She believes that each of us is in a world crowded with people; yet in that world, each of us is doomed to be alone. Miss McCullers claims that only through love can we hope to find a togetherness. It is obvious, then, that any abnormality, whether physical or psycho-

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logical, would only increase this sense of isolation. Her characters are merely symbols representing the aloneness of all mankind. This explains, too, Miss McCullers' characterization of adolescents. Adolescence is an in-between stage, in which one is neither a child nor an adult. During this period an individual's feeling of isolation is apt to be greater than at any other time in his life. And so we see Frankie Adams in *The Member Of The Wedding*, 'an unjoined person who hangs around in doorways.' She is always on the threshold of things but never a part of them. She longs to be a "member" of something. Frankie sees in the coming marriage of her brother a chance to "join." She says:

The trouble with me is that for a long time I have been just an "I" person . . . I know that the bride and my brother are the "we" of me . . . So I am going with them and joining the wedding and after that to whatever place they will ever go.

She wants to become a "member of the wedding," and Miss McCullers sees in Frankie's distress, the plight of all humanity—the desire to be loved, to belong. This is the one recurring theme throughout her four novels.

Even by her style, which is indeed unique, Miss McCullers tries to give the effect of loneliness and dreaminess. Her style almost child-like in its simplicity, seems to indicate the way the characters themselves would think. These lines from *The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter* illustrate that quality nicely:

Mick tried to jerk loose, but her Mama held on to her arm. Sullenly she wiped the tears from her face with the back of her hand. Her Mama had been in the kitchen and she wore her apron and house-shoes.

Often Miss McCullers' writing takes on such a dream-like quality that one might say that it is of the other-world. For example, these lines from *The Member Of The Wedding*:

Before Frankie there were now two objects—a lavender seashell and a glass globe with snow inside that could be

*Continued on Page 22*

# The Wax Works

GAIL MOON

HAVE you ever been in a house infested with the fiends of the devil? Have you ever been chilled to the marrow of your bones by the evil eyes of Satan himself?

Let's go back—far back—into the year of 1928. The place is London, England. Our destination is the Limehouse section—a section crowded with the refuse of the world.

The night is dreary and wet. The damp wind seeps beneath your clothing, chilling and biting to your skin. Sounds of life come faint and muffled to your ears, but no human forms do you see through the clinging, heavy mists drifting in from the sea. As you clutch your overcoat a little closer about you, you hear tired refrains of music coming from the night. You follow the sound and come upon a tavern filled with rough, weary seamen. Home on leave, they drink and gamble away their earnings of a year. Looking for a place of companionship in this sullen section, you enter the tavern. You order a glass of raw whiskey and then settle for a smoke. Conversation, you notice, has suddenly increased at a table in the corner, and you drift over to the group of seamen. You learn that their topic of conversation is a house down on La Fieve street. The house is called The House of the Wax Works. As an initiation each newcomer to this section is dared to spend a night there. You are no exception. With sneers and jibes they give you the dare. You question as to the whereabouts of the house and are quickly furnished with two orientals who are willing to escort you to the mysterious House of the Wax Works.

Upon leaving the tavern, the damp smelly mist greets you with a chill, and you unknowingly walk a little faster. The London fog horns sound their mournful warnings, and through the heavy yellow fog the old street lights give forth a dull sheen.

Further and further the guides take you—away from a known world to a labyrinth of evil. The black night claims dominion over you. The two orientals stop. With a non-distinguishable accent, each in turn tells you that this is the House of the Wax Works. Each wishes you well and tells you that he will be back for you in the morning. They turn and with a weird smile upon their lips leave you standing there—alone. A terrifying feeling engulfs you—alone in the black night. A scream rises to your throat only to be strangled by invisible cords within you. Sickenly you peer through the shrouds of mist at the house and wonder why you took that bet. The house itself seems to be a looming mass of wood and mud topped with a roof of thatch. You climb the rickety steps and with every step comes a nauseating creak. You move slowly toward the door, and with hesitation, walk in. The door closes quietly behind you. A slight chill clings to your spine. The house is like a tomb! Beads of sweat appear on your forehead, and panic surges through your body. Your first desire is to rush madly from the house. But no, you can't. You are here to fulfill a bet. And to keep from being laughed at, you are going to fulfill it!

You enter the first room. Wax models stand in every corner—wax models of every vicious murderer Scotland Yard has ever known! And standing tallest is the model of the infamous Sir Guxley. The very incarnation of evil! His eyes—his eyes are alive! They watch you from their dead, wax sockets. No, you realize it is only a trick of light. Sir Guxley is nothing more than a wax model. But how he draws your attention! And suddenly you are determined to out-stare him. You look deep into his eyes. Sir Guxley's eyes! What strange living powers lurk behind those dead wax eyes. What hypnotic powers! You are charmed by Satan



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himself!

The next morning when the orientals come back for you, they see the house has been partially destroyed by fire during the night. They rush inside. They find you unharmed sitting very erect in your chair, staring glassy-eyed at the one remaining model of them all.

The heat had melted Sir Guxley's lips into a gruesome smile—a smile of conquering triumph!

---

**Carson McCullers**

*Continued from Page 20*

shaken into a snowstorm. When she held the seashell to her ear, she could hear the warm wash of the Gulf of Mexico, and think of a green palm island far away. And she could hold the snow globe to her narrowed eyes and watch the whirling white flakes fall until they blinded her. She dreamed of Alaska. She walked up a cold white hill, and looked on a snowy wasteland far below. She watched the sun make colors in the ice, and heard dream voices, saw dream things, and everywhere there was the cold white gentle snow.

Such a style as Miss McCullers' makes for excellent writing. She sees into the very heart of her characters, and presents them in such a way that she brings the reader close to the character and allows him to take part in the situation at hand. Such miraculous insight into the human heart, coupled with such great technical skill, entitles Miss McCullers to a prominent place in modern American fiction.

---

Vague thoughts

Like hazy blue

Smoke, slowly spiral and

Float to the sky, where they take form  
In dreams.

NANCY LAWRENCE

## THE COLONNADE

The ideal time to have a date is in the "oui" small hours.

The upper crust is just a bunch of crumbs stuck together by their own dough.

It's the little things that annoy us. We can sit on a mountain but not on a tack.

Hostess (to a little boy at a party): "Why don't you eat your jello?"

Little boy (watching jello closely): "It's not dead yet."

"Daddy, how do minks get babies?"  
"The same way babes get minks."

Judge: Why did you steal that \$25,000?  
Accused: I was hungry.

"Where did you get that black eye?"  
"From the war."  
"What war?"  
"The boudoir."

Nothing is easier in America than to attend college, and nothing is harder than to get educated.

Sociology Prof.: So you think you could end all unemployment, do you? And how, if I may be so bold as to inquire.

Student: Why I'd put all the men on one island and all the women on another.

Prof.: And what would they be doing then?

Student: Building boats.

Then there was the man who appeared in a newspaper office to place an ad offering \$500 for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"That's an awful price for a cat," commented the clerk.

"Not this one," the man snapped. "I drowned it."

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# *An Editorial*

SINCE THIS IS THE SPRING ISSUE THE STAFF OF THE COLONNADE HAS TRIED TO SELECT STORIES AND POEMS WHICH ARE APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON. BUT WE HAVE BEEN HANDICAPPED BY LACK OF MATERIALS. THIS GRIPE SEEMS TO BE A RATHER STANDARD ONE FOR MAGAZINE STAFFS; SO I WON'T ELABORATE ON IT. I SHALL JUST SAY THAT I HOPE TO SEE THE STUDENTS TAKE A MORE ACTIVE INTEREST IN THEIR MAGAZINE NEXT SEMESTER.

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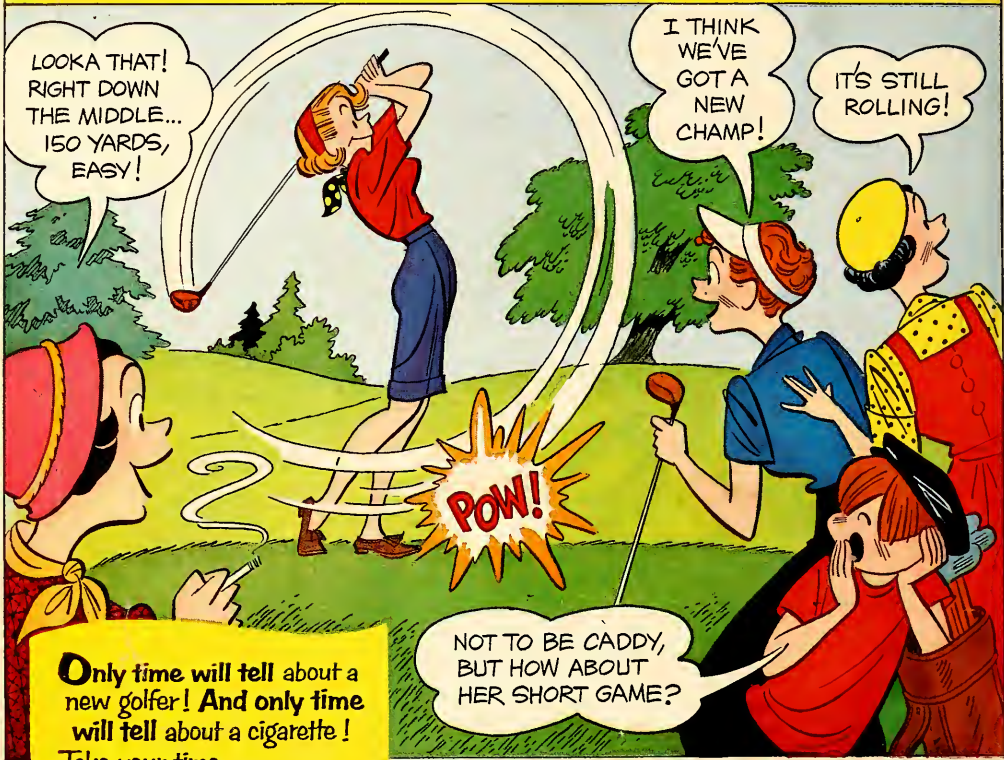
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